

## MY TRADE WITH ASTOR.

"BUT GRANDFATHER, what about your first business transaction with Astor?" one of us asked. Now, our much-beloved grandfather had told us this story a hundred times, but as it gave him pleasure to repeat it, he regained his good temper at once, and thus commenced:

"Oh, about John Jacob Astor? I know you have heard me tell the story before. Ah! he was a merchant in every sense of the word. A fairer or squarer man you never came across, a trifle hot and peppery at times, but when he knew you, and he believed in you, he was the best and most liberal man to deal with I ever met with. It is not true that he was grasping, and tried to crush out other people. It is certain that he had that China fur trade all to himself, but once or twice I cut into him, in a small way, of course, and he didn't mind it at all. Once I made a venture of some \$5,000 worth of furs from this side to China, and brought home teas, and made just eight for one on the business—that was a whacking profit. You see, in 1823, some of my Canada friends were part owners in the good ship—"

"But, grandfather, stick to the John Jacob Astor story, please."

"It was in 1822, then, that I received from England the information, that all kinds of fur stock were likely to be rare in Europe. I had the advices early from some friends in Leipzig. I didn't want much to go in, though I studied the market well on both sides, and found that the supply would be short. Strange to say, for five years before there had been no money made in furs, and a big stock had accumulated in New York. I was hesitating what to do, when an order came from a strong house in London for a line of furs, and among the furs some five thousand land otters. Now, otters were dull. If I had however, gone around and bought them up in small lots in Philadelphia or Boston, I should have raised the price in an instant. Talk about your telegraph—"

stuff! Fifty years ago, a man never bought anything in a large way that all the people didn't speculate who he bought the goods for, or where they were going to. People were sharp. I should like to have seen any of your new-fashioned brokers doing my business for me! Now, I knew that Astor had a big lot of these very otters. How did I know that? Why, I had ticketed off every skin the old man had bought for the last three years in New York. I had found that out without your telegraph. It was on an autumn day when I went into Vesey street to see Mr. Astor. I did not know him save by sight. For a young man I was quite bold, because I had the privilege to draw on the Rothschilds for the amount of my purchase, and Rothschilds' bills were scarce and much in demand in those days. It never would have done for me to let the old man, or anybody else, know that I was buying for the continent. I had just been paid, too, quite unexpectedly, a round sum of money, which I had made up my mind now I would put into furs. The Astor store, in Vesey street, wasn't half as fine a place as would be occupied to-day by any one of your two-penny brokers. Astor was there busy examining a bale of beavers. A porter was assorting them, and the old man would ever now and then stoop and pick up a particularly fine skin, and smooth it over with his hand. It was early in the morning—not much more than 9 o'clock. Heads of houses don't do that kind of thing, nowadays, but in old times the principals used to examine goods for themselves. I must have stood between the light and Mr. Astor, for he turned on me, saying, "Well, my young man, what is it I can do for you?"

He had a very slight German accent, and would occasionally mix b's and p's and d's.

"It is only a few beavers I want, Mr. Astor," I said.

"Only beavers you want, and pray who are you?" he asked.

I told him the name of my house. To my surprise Mr. Astor said:

"Oh, I know you; thought you would come round to trade sometimes. You are a beginner. I know your fadder—"

honest man. You learnt your business in London—a good house, and mostly turned out smart young men. Well, my boy, here is beavers. Make your choice. How many do you want? Price \$5 a pound and not a cent less. This pack runs even right through." I made a selection of beaver pelts, though I really did not want them. Astor helped me to examine the skins, and I bought at about the market rate, some three hundred pounds.

"That is all you want—nothing else?" Mr. Astor asked.

"Nothing else," I said in an indifferent way, "but," I added, "I might take just a few otters if I could buy them right." I knew Astor was loaded with them.

"Oh, otters! Well, I have a lot, a big lot, but I ain't willing to divide them. There may be as many as 7,000. Too big a lot for you to handle, my boy."

"They are very dull of sale, and I would be most afraid to take anything like such a big lot. You wouldn't divide the lot in two, would you, Mr. Astor?"

"In two, what, halve them? That's a fair lot, anyhow."

"Yes it's a big lot, seeing how slow they are of sale."

"Slow? Suppose if they were slow, and you didn't know what to do with them, would you buy them? See here, if you want half the lot you will have to pay more for them. My price is for the whole of them three dollars a skin; if you divide them it will be a quarter of a dollar more. Now young man I am busy. It's too big a line for you. The clerk will make out your bill."

"I think I would like to look at the run of the skins," I said.

"Well, then, all right; my porter will sort them, and call here to-morrow, and you can see how they turn out," said Mr. Astor.

Now, to have delayed the purchase a day or more, would never have answered. A London packet might come in that afternoon, and the next morning the news of a rise in the fur market might have prevented my buying the furs at my figures.

"I cannot conveniently wait over to-day. I must be off for Philadelphia by noon to-morrow. If you will give me a couple of men, I will examine these furs myself."

"Why, my boy, it will be night before we are through, and the sun goes down early now. All right, though; I will give you two men. The skins are up stairs, and you can work on them—you say six o'clock! I will be here and you will say yes or no."

At work I went, and, getting through the examinations as fast as I could—by 6 o'clock—had only half assorted the otter skins.

At six o'clock punctually, Mr. Astor came up stairs.

"I am not half through," I said.—"Mr. Astor, now, from what I have seen, I should make the run of the skins pretty much as follows: Twenty-five per cent. prime skins, 40 per cent. seconds, 20 per cent. thirds, and the remainder damaged."

"No," said Mr. Astor, "there are some bales you haven't looked through which belong to the lot, which would make the poor skins something like 25 per cent. But, as you want to divide, I'll make up a fair average. You are a good worker. I like to see young people work; but I want my supper—what you say. You take 3,500 skins at 3.00?" The skins were cheap at that, and within my limit. Now, for a good stroke of business, I thought to myself.

"I will tell you what I will do, sir, I will give two dollars and three quarters for the whole lot."

"So! so! My boy, with fifteen hundred dollars of beavers and all them otters, that makes most twenty thousand dollars."

"And at four months' credit," I added.

"Four months' credit and most twenty thousand dollars! So! You go fast for a young man." And here Astor looked me square in the face. "You are married?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Astor," I replied with a smile.

"Babies?"

"Yes, sir—two."

"Any more expected?"

"I am sure I don't know," I answered, rather losing patience.

"A big family for a young man! You spend all you make?"

"No, sir."

"Wife wear feeders in her hat, big sleeves, give battles?"

"Yes, sir, she wears feathers when they are in the fashion, and gives a party when she thinks her husband can afford it."

"So! I did business with your fadder many years ago. He was an honest man. It is a risk. Two seventy-five for a lot of skins worth three dollars? You wait now," and he took a bit of chalk and made some figures on the lid of a black desk. I remember his figures to this day.

"Young man," said Mr. Astor, "you say two dollars and eighty cents, and you promise me your word of honor that you never tell nobody that John Jacob Astor was fool enough to trust a young man—a boy, though he has two babies—with twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods."

That speech of the old man made me mad. "I don't want your goods, Mr. Astor," I said; "I don't want anybody to sell me goods as a favor."

"What! you show your temper because I put five cents more on the skins? Here my boy, you just show me that the son is as honest as the fadder, and I tell you somethings—your old man, long before you was born, trust me once in London with \$50. You go now; time for my supper."

"You will pack the goods in good hogheads?"

"Yes, yes; everything. You ask me to pay freight on them next, and guarantee profits I suppose. Now go away; that is enough trading for to-day. You have your bill to-morrow. Anything more you want?"

"Yes, Mr. Astor, nineteen thousand seven hundred dollars' worth of notes payable is almost too much for a young house like mine to put out at one time."

"What, you don't want to give out notes? Young man! you must think John Jacob Astor crazy."

"I want to pay the money for my purchase, sir, and must have a discount for cash."

"The cash! Young man, how you manage your business! I don't want any money. What's \$20,000. Well, well, you does things so cunning, that I must oblige you. I will take off the legal interest for four months."

"That won't do, Mr. Astor. If you have so much money, other people have not. Say two and a half per cent. and to-morrow morning I will pay the amount."

"My boy," said Mr. Astor, "you beat me all around, see here; it is a bargain. You is sharper than your fadder. Now I tell you I has given you a good bargain to-day; tell me in confidence what you do with those skins."

"I will ask you to take two and a half per cent. more off the cost of the goods for the information."

"Dat would be paying too much.—Good bye; you come see me in the morning—and my supper, dat must be cold."

Early in the morning I sold my bills on London at a good rate, and in order to conceal the whole transaction, carried round the money to Vesey street.

Presently, Mr. Astor came in. "You are cunning; I buy your bill myself on the Rothschilds. A bargain is a bargain. The Liverpool packet came in last night. Otters are worth a pound in London, on a rising market, but that's all right. If you had not helped my men to examine the skins, I would never have sold them to you at those figures. How you got the news first, I don't know. Come and see me again.—Buy feeders for your wife and give parties. I treat you first-rate about them otters; but young man, John Jacob make a good thing out of them skins himself, even if he sell them at two dollars."

I had many a transaction afterwards with Astor, and had unlimited credit, which, however, I never abused. Whenever I went into his store to do any business with Mr. Astor, he would say, "Cash or credit this time? How your wife's feeders? Any more babies?"

## A Disappointed Granger.

Jacob Gleason, of Herkimer county, N. Y., might have arrived in New York City, a dozen times, and departed as many more, without anyone beyond a hotel clerk knowing his name, if he hadn't a mission. That mission was to trade his farm for a slice of Central Park, and raise early vegetables for the market. He went up to the Park, and took a look around before saying anything to anybody, as he wanted to make sure that none of it was swamp land.—He had made up his mind to trade his 140 acres of farm for 100 acres of the Park when he encountered one of the Park police, and remarked:

"This seems to be purty land, but it's awfully neglected. Why don't they cut the underbrush off, and Fall-plough it?"

"We'd rather keep it as it is," replied the officer.

"Well, that's a mighty poor way to farm it. I was looking around, and thought perhaps I'd trade my farm for part of this. What d'ye s'pose they'd ask an acre for the lower part?"

"Oh, thirty or forty thousand dollars."

"What?"

"Am I a born fool?" exclaimed Jacob Herkimer. "I've got as nice a farm as crows ever flew over, and all I ask an acre is \$55. I'd see you—I'd see you in the red sea, sir, before I'd give \$100 an acre."

"Very well; you can't have it," said the officer.

"I don't want it. I knowed I'd be imposed on, and I told 'em all before I left home, but their eternal ding-dong drove me to come! I don't want your land, sir—no, sir! It's all hills and hollers and rocks, and I've met more'n a hundred people walking round as cool as if they had a hundred year lease of the whole farm."

## Convinced that the World is Hollow.

A few mornings since, a Philadelphia matron called to see her young married daughter, who resides on North Thirtieth street, and found her weeping bitterly.

"Oh, mother, take me home. My heart is broke," sobbed the daughter,

throwing herself into her mother's arms.

After her tears had somewhat subsided, the mother said:

"Hardly a year married, and here I find you in tears. What does this mean? Has Henry been unkind to you?"

"No," sobbed the daughter, "but he doesn't love me any longer, and my heart is breaking."

"Come, come, child, cheer up. Tell me why you think him untrue to you. Does he show it?"

"Yes," was the heart-broken reply.

"Oh, the scoundrel! Oh, the viper!" gasped the mother. "My poor, dear child," she fairly sobbed, "your mother won't desert you. She'll bring that villain to his knees. What insult has he offered you my child? Speak, tell me the worst."

"O, mother, I can't."

"You must, my child. Tell me, though the heavens fall, what outrage has he committed?"

"He swore last night when I put my cold feet to his back," sobbed the daughter.

"Is that all?" gasped the mother.

"Yes, but he never did so before. All last winter he never said a word when I put my cold feet to his back, and now I know he doesn't love me;" and then the poor girl's tears broke out afresh.

Before the mother left she managed to convince her daughter that all the world was hollow, and that the hollow of a man's back was not the place for his wife's cold feet.

## A Doubting Darkey.

IT WAS while the zealous and fervid Maffitt was preaching through the Southwest, awakening the impressible of all classes to various degrees of religious emotion. A gentleman well advanced in years, and the owner of many slaves, lying at the point of death, called a faithful old negro to his bedside. Perhaps, in that hour, the inspiration of the master touching the condition of the spiritual life was not much in advance of the inspiration of faith of the slave. Caesar had been his attendant and ever ready helper through long years in the past, and who should say what might be their mutual relations in the future? It is not all improbable that some such thought was in the gentleman's mind when he said:

"Caesar, you have been a true and faithful servant for many years, and I have resolved to confer upon you a substantial honor in recognition of your services."

While the dying man stopped to regain his breath the old negro poured forth many thanks. He certainly prayed that his master might live much longer.

"No, no, Caesar, I know that I am going; but this honor shall be conferred upon you. I shall leave, in my last will and testament, the provision that you, when you die, shall be buried in the old family vault. Will you not consider that an honor?"

"Ah, mas'r," said the old darkey, slowly shaking his head. "I don't care where dis yer ole body ob mine is buried. No, no, mas'r, don't you do no such ting."

"Why, Caesar, you would not object to such an honor as that. Think of it: To be laid away in the old family vault, where only the masters and mistresses have been laid heretofore."

"Ah, mas'r, I don't care for de honor. I'd ruv'r have a few dollars in money. An' den, who knows what may happen one ob dese days when dat ole chap, wid de horns on his head, an de hoof on his foot comes along. My golly! s'pose you an I is boff buried togadder, an' dat chap should happen along in de dark. Whoof! he might take dis poor nigger in mistake. No, mas'r I don't tink I care for de honor."

Some old oystermen were lounging one day in a store in Fair Haven, and they began to talk about the Centennial. Said one, in a nasal twang: "I say, Sam, did you go to the Centennial?"

"Yes, I went."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, I got awful tired; I wuz a-walkin' all the time."

"Why didn't you take one o' them cheers they tell about?"

"Take a cheer? How could I see anything if I took a cheer?"

"One o' them cheers they roll folks about in."

The man set his chair down on four legs—it had been tilted on two—and gazing at his questioner with his hands on his knees, repeated, "One o' them cheer they roll folks about in?" Then an expression of understanding lit up his countenance, and with a great slap on his thigh he exclaimed: "Well, I told Hen I never see such a lot o' cripples in all my life."

No less than seventeen dead infants have been found on the streets and alleys of the Quaker City by the police since 23d of February.

## DR. SCHENCK'S STANDARD REMEDIES

The standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic, and Schenck's Mandrake Pills, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivaled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases. The Pulmonic Syrup dissolves the morbid matter in the lungs; nature drives it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To enable the pulmonic syrup to do this, Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed mixes with the food and prevents souring. It assists the digestion by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and the Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal, and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent a second attack.

All who wish to consult Dr. Schenck, either personally or by letter, can do so at his principal office, corner of Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday.

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists throughout the country. [mch & apr.

## VEGETINE

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

## SHE RESTS WELL.

South Poland, Me., Oct. 11, 1876. Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken great many different medicines but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights and had no appetite. Since taking the Vegetine I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above, Mr. Geo. M. Vaughn, Medford, Mass.

## VEGETINE.

Thousands will bear testimony (and do it voluntarily) that Vegetine is the best medical compound yet placed before the public for renovating and purifying the blood, eradicating all humors, incrustations or poisonous secretions from the system, invigorating and strengthening the system, and stimulating the system; in fact, it is, as many have called it, "The Great Health Restorer."

## Safe and Sure.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, and my life was overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative powers seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose, and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified indorsement as being a safe, sure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system from its state of enervancy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use, and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly, W. H. CLARK,

120 Monterey Street, Allegheny, Pa.

## VEGETINE.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads this letter of the wonderful curative powers of Vegetine as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood:

Hyde Park, Mass., Feb. 15, 1876.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:—Dear Sir—About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations, by the best skill in the State but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times.

Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office and talk with you of the virtue of Vegetine. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients etc., by which your remedy is produced.

By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in Vegetine.

I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered and soon felt it was benefiting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the results I desired, till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured, and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds of flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now.

During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my fist gather on another part of my body. I took Vegetine faithfully and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effects.

Let your patrons troubled with scrofula or kidney disease, understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases, and if they will patiently take Vegetine, it will, in my judgment, cure them. With great obligations I am,

Yours very truly,

G. W. MANSFIELD,

Pastor of the M. E. Church.

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Prepared by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is sold by All Druggists.

## LEATHER &amp; C.

THE subscriber has now on hand at

LOW PRICES,

Good Sole Leather,

Kip of Superior Quality,

Country Calf Skins,

French Calf,

LININGS, ROANS, &c.

F. Mortimer,

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

NOTICE.—The public are hereby notified and warned not to molest, or in any way trespass on the rights and credits of Anthony Sughart, the following property purchased by him at Sheriff's sale, at the residence of Levi Sughart, on the 7th day of February, 1877, said property being left in the care of Levi Sughart, viz:

Two Cows, 4 head of Young Cattle, 1 Mower combined, 1 two horse Wagon, 1 Metal Plow, Double and Single Trees, 1 Grain Cradle, 1 lot of Cow Chains, 1 pair of Breast chains, 1 pair of Bow chains, 1 Hay Rake, 1 Corn Coverer, and 1 Spreader.

ANTHONY SUGHART,

Per Levi Sughart, Agent.

Blain, Pa., February 13, 1877.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of Frederick E. Dum, late of Tyrone township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Elliptsburg, Perry county, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement to

WILLIAM H. DUM, Executor,

A. M. MARBLE, Attorney for Executor.

January 30, 1877.